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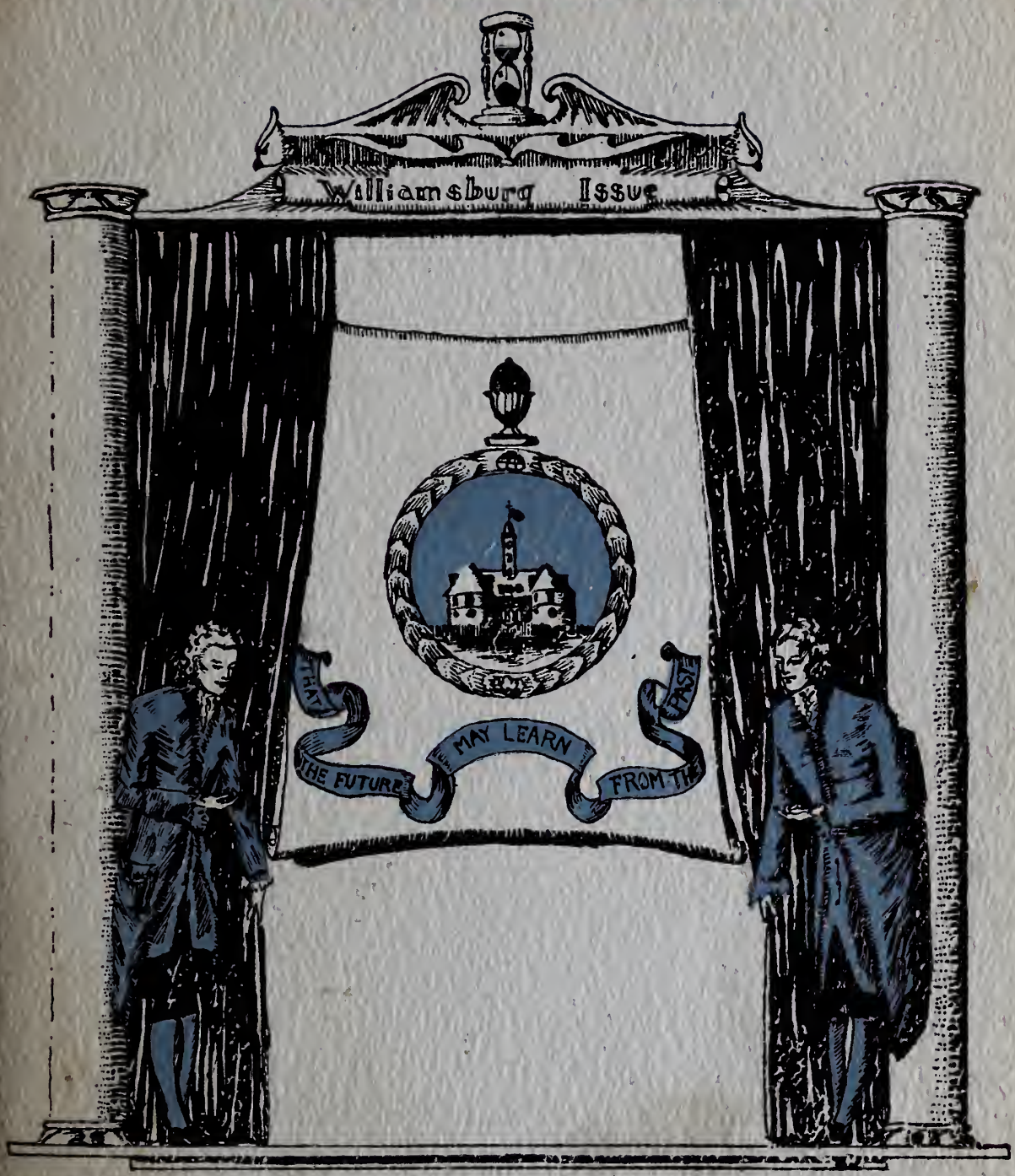

JANUARY, 1935

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THE MISSILE

JANUARY, 1935

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

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THE MISSILE P

Vol. XXIII. PETERSBURG, VA., JANUARY, 1934 No. 2

MEMBER OF THE COLUMBIA SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION

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The Missile
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Musings

By Jane Ellis

Williamsburg

They wouldn't let you peacefully decay
In restful calm among your memories
Of long ago and for more gracious days
When living history was made beneath
Your roofs, and on your site the great
beginnings
Of a nation laid, or let you slowly change
With natural metamorphosis of years
That modify with Time's deft-moving hand.
They took you gently settled, waiting then
The peaceful rest that age should always bring,
And with their cold and sure efficiency
Remade you into something neither old
Nor new. Rebuilt with stone for stone each line
Of beauty, every plot of ground the same
As in your ancient prime you used to be,
The spirit only lacks, of freedom's struggle—
Pens and muskets used as valiantly
As is the power of those with noble urge
Inspired, defending what they loved in battles
Far more splendid than our sordid wars
Of later days. You lack the men of greater
Stature than there seem to be today
With nobler problems, how to found a State
And build it in accordance with their fine
Ideals.

Oh, Williamsburg rebuilt, I mean
To speak no word of scorn against you now.
You stand and well do you fulfil your purpose.
Give us of this lesser day a glimpse
Of beauties that our fathers saw, a sight
That may inspire us on to greater things.
In dignity and glory you remain
A monument to past and splendid days.
And such a monument to be . . . . it is
Perhaps enough . . . . but do you never wish
You could regain the power that you once had,
Relive the days that you commemorate?
It must be very vivid pain to lose
The place that once was yours, and yet remain
In concrete substance still the very same.

Rebuilt Castles

In those sweet thoughts of musing youth has
dwelled
A cherished dream of pure romance . . . . the
thought
Of knight in shining armor, lacking naught
Of virtue and of charm, his dragons felled,
His banner, richly wrought, unstained and held
Aloft above the mine. This image sought
Its place in simple youthful heart, and taught
My mind, unformed, the high ideal it held.
And he that's come more than fulfils my dreams;
What if his banner has a jagged rent
That I can mend? What if his armor seems
In places rusted and a little bent?
My cold ideal is sweeter and more sound
In lonely human imperfection found.

A Thimbleful of Philosophy

Beyond this "vale of tears"
Lies paradise, reward, they say;
But vale of tears, be kinder now—
One day of sunshine here, I pray.

The name, eternity
Is longer than my mind can see;
Why make these golden, shining years
Just a pause before infinity?

This life is reward itself,
A lovely gift from Him, Unseen,
And tears, we'd know if we were wise,
Are but to make our joys more keen.

Colder Tomorrow

The dry sharp rustling of the leaves
Crushing beneath my foot,
Careless and wandering, that cleaves
The shifting heaps of crisp sere leaves,
The Autumn's sad sure loot,
Brushes against my mind, the root
Of being . . . . for the whispering leaves
Bring chilling prophecy that grieves
Me so. The shrilling flute
Of whetted wind so soon bequeaths
The silent falling snow to earth, a waiting heir.
Why must the winter come? Summer was so fair.

Lines Written at Eleven-thirty Any Sunday Night

By Jane Ellis

O hopeless woe breathed out in gusty sighs!
A very sad awakening I forsee,
For soon tomorrow comes with darkened skies
And then beyond all aid I'll surely be
Right on the spot and there unpleasantly.
Oh, what a life! And other signs of sorrow,
There's this grim spectre hanging over me:
I have to write that poem by tomorrow!

That much respected one before whose eyes
My guilty face with scarlet stained will be,
To whom my stuttered story as it dies
Will cause a moment's sharp asperity—
His pleasant mien I sadly fear I'll see
Completely changed and, greatly to my sorrow,
Wearing no vestige of complaisancy.
Oh, I have to write that poem by tomorrow!

Quite cold and very dead all sweet hope lies.
I've danced away three days right merrily;
'Twas lots of fun, but not so very wise,
And now I have to pay the piper's fee.
So let me now with deep sincerity
Once more regret I've gone so very far, O
Sweet Calliope, not seeking thee,
For I have to write that poem by tomorrow!

Envoy

O God of week-ends, let me pray of thee
Thy aid, which now I needs must quickly borrow;
Three days I've served thee, now please grant my plea:
I have to write that poem by tomorrow!

Williamsburg Restored

By Milton Hull

TWILIGHT . . . . that's the time! A twilight with the impatient noon waiting her turn. Because twilight and its somber shadows are mystic, eerie light and furtive shadow cast a spell. That's what we want . . . . to cast a spell upon ourselves, for we are in Williamsburg. But wait . . . there are two Williamsburgs. By day, Williamsburg is a modern college town with ancient houses on its main street looking marvellously fresh. Ah, but darkness, twilight, hides the modern touches, and caught by the powerful, inevitable spell of the place, so rich with the past, suddenly and very convincingly, we are walking home up Duke of Gloucester Street, perhaps in the tumultuous year of 1776.

Except for a sense of newness in living a scene centuries old, nothing seems amiss. It seems quite natural when your voice says, "My mother will give me a good scolding when I get home because we stayed so late at the Palace green. She knows we listen to the men talking about our grievances with England. But as much as she dreads it and tries to keep me from thinking of it, she knows and everybody with a thimbleful of brains knows it will end in war. Last night when I came in, my father was saying he had heard at the Capitol young Patrick Henry's speech against the Stamp Act, and would have said more but my mother stopped him when I came in. Look, there's Emery Payton showing off his father's new mare, with his head cocked as if he owns the street cobbles. She's too thick through the ankles. I'll wager I can beat him around the green on our Dolly, old as she is."

Imagination is wonderful . . . . so wonderful that I can't help but think that perhaps the prime purpose in the painstaking reproduction of Colonial Williamsburg was to make it easy, in these realistic surroundings, for our imagination to

run away with us to spend a few moments, two hundred years old, living in the past.

In fact, it was a man's imagination that made this possible. Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin dreamed of the restoration of Colonial Williamsburg, then went to work and made his dream come true.

Of course the first, and most important thing, was to get the capital. Dr. Goodwin interested John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in his idea and Mr. Rockefeller agreed to finance the venture.

Then Mr. Harold R. Shurtleff and his helpers went to work to find the original plans by which the buildings could be restored. Research workers searched over sixty private and public libraries and historic records in England, France and the United States for possible clues.

A map of Williamsburg as it appeared in 1781, drawn by a Frenchman, was used to find the locations of the foundations long buried. A floor plan of the Capitol building was found in the Huntington library in California. Probably the most important discovery was the copper plate in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, England, upon which are etchings of the Capitol, the Christopher Wren building and the Governor's Palace.

From this information Perry, Shaw and Hepburn, New York architects, have restored sixty-three colonial buildings, rebuilt seventy-nine colonial buildings, torn down four hundred and two modern buildings, erected two business blocks containing twenty-five shops and stores and restored a number of old gardens.

The Duke of Gloucester Street presents seven-eights of a mile of beautiful colonial buildings from the Christopher Wren building in the college grounds at one end to the stately Capitol building at the other.

Go to Williamsburg some moonlit night. Consider it not as a curiosity, but as a frame surrounding a picture of the roman- the past. And as I did, look at the moon and say: "Cold moon, I envy you. You disdain to speak, but if you would, what wonders you could tell to me. You saw with your own eyes what I must imagine. You're the same aloof creature people looked at centuries ago and envied, as I do now."

Meditations

By John Jordan

To a Weeping Willow

Weeping maidens with flowing tresses,
So gently swaying to and fro;
Some deep grief upon them presses
Or some sad thought makes them so low.
Thus they droop from day to day,
Humble to men who pass their way.

Maidens, why do you look so pitiful
And why appear so sad and mirthless?
Why not lift your heads and, dutiful,
Seem used of life instead of worthless?
Soon the dream of life will end—
You to your sorrows yet do bend.

Softly through the departing light
Breezes whisper softly 'round me;
Awed by the hush of the dim soft night—
Answer comes back—I listen profoundly:
"We bow in thanks to the Maker of All—
Do you, in return, do a thing as small?"

Battle For Naught

When I see hordes of thoughtless human souls
Who in their never-ending fight for gain
Are void of all true sense and seem insane
And as a wave before a windstorm rolls,
The storm of greed their hearts and minds
controls,
I wonder how God's wrath so long as lain
In dormant state . . . His will they e'er disdain,
As day by day the Scroll of Time unrolls;
But then I think: "When time shall be no more
And God extinguishes the last bright star,
In shame they'll stand before the judgment bar
And wish to be what they should have been before,
For God allows each man to choose his way:
Each man the blame upon himself must lay."

The Old Engineer

He sits and smokes and dreams of days gone by
And wipes his eye and heaves a restless sigh—
He hears familiar sounds, and tear-drops start:
(He knows them like the beating of his heart)
The painful snorting of the blackened stack,
(The smoke by force of movement streaming back),
The clickety-click of wheels against the rail,
(He watched, alert—he piloted the mail),
The hiss of steam in cylinders compressed,
(His head in thought sinks slowly on his breast),
The screech of the whistle, the pounding of
steel on steel,
(He remembers them all as if they yet were real);
He hears the piercing squeal of air in the brakes,
(As with a shuddering movement the engine quakes);
It creaks and groans in rounding a graceful bend,
(The station looms in sight—the journey's end).

Meditation

'Tis night, and silently the stars look down
On thee, O home of America's great men
And cradle of our infant Union!
And now there comes to me the quiet thought
That I, in thee, can find a safe retreat
From all the world . . . . for in the years to come,
When I shall leave thy virgin shores of fame
And wander far on foreign lands and seas,
When I see a softly curving strand—
A blue-jay, fussing among the boughs, a sky
So full of stars it looks as if the stars
Of all the heavens are concentrated in
One place; or it may be that I shall look
Upon a wood, such that is only thine:
Then I shall stop and think of my first home,
And realize that I must turn my steps
And hasten then to visit once again
The place that bore me, nurtured, brought me up,
Instilled in me the depth of love I have
For it. 'Tis that, Virginia, of which
I think tonight as, most exultantly,
I look ahead and wonder at the end.

Victorious

By Louis Farber

IT WAS cold, a stinging and biting cold. A thin icy drizzle was falling. Down the muddy road trudged a man, bent by the cold. His half-worn boots kept up a steady slushing in the mud. Now and then the wet shivering man looked over his shoulder, back over the road he had trodden, as if watching for some one, someone he cared little to see.

Slush, slush, slush, he made his way while the yellow mud splashed upon his wet, ragged, and muddy trousers. Once these muddy rags had been a beautiful blue, the blue of the Continental Army. His once curly hair was stuck to his face by the rain, which trickled slowly through the human ruts and crags around his mouth.

Now he stumbled, but he arose, spat the mud from his mouth, wiped the mud off his face. He didn't curse that time, as he had done before. It did him no good.

Slush, slush, slush, he continued on. The sound of his boots in the mud beat louder in his ears. Slush! Slush! Slush!

Now it was raining harder. The road filled with pools which joined with other pools and formed ponds. Onward walked the soldier. Water was sometimes up to his knees, pouring into his boots. Squish, sqush, squish.

He sneezed . . . . then sneezed again and once more. He wiped his nose on his sleeve, coughed, and bent over lower. He was cold, very cold.

The war was over. They had won. No more English rule. He was going home; back to his people. Squish, sqush, squish; through the mud he slushed. His white drawn face had turned red, and in his indifferent eyes now appeared a burning light. He sneezed.

War is terrible; it had taken his horse, his money. Yet they had won at Yorktown. Williamsburg was not so far to

walk. He had walked the thousand miles up the slopes of Stony Point! He had marched to Trenton and Princeton that Christmas. He had trod the snow at Valley Forge.

"Williamsburg, huh! Maybe some poor devil has to walk back to New York," he had mused while trying to buoy his tired body.

Again he stumbled, slipping in the oozy mire forward into a pool of mud; not water, black oozy, slimy, stinking mud. He shuddered and slowly rolled out of the pool and crawled slowly to his feet. He was covered from head to foot with the mud. The loose oozy mud dripped slowly from his body. Through his mind went one thought—snakes! The mud dripping, rolling, sliding from his body caused the thought. He cursed aloud.

Again he was walking, black as the clouds above that drenched him. But he was through with war; no more guns, no more hunger, no more fear, no more death. He was going home.

He recognized the last long hill and stepped along more quickly. Home . . . Raleigh Tavern . . . ale . . . warmth . . . food. He sneezed violently.

"Free! God knows I deserve it," he thought. He sneezed again, wiped his nose, and then another sneeze.

"Catching cold, but I'll soon be home," he mused.

Carefully he avoided as many ponds as he could as he slushed onward.

"Home! I've been away four years. Never again war. I'm a Virginian; we want peace. We . . . ."

He sneezed so violently that he stumbled. Again he rose. Slush, squish, slush, squish, he climbed the hill. His eyes were bloodshot, a bright red, his face almost as red.

"The British thought they would win . . . we showed 'em . . . King George . . . his red coats beaten by a handful of us. Victorious! Victorious! Victorious!" he screamed as, coughing, he fell face forward into a pond and rolled back half the distance down the hill.

"Victorious," he screamed again as the last of life left his sick body.

And in Yorktown harbor the defeated British "red-coats," beneath the shelter of their boats, drank ale and laughed even in their defeat.

Troubadour Songs

Villanelle

By Delia Harrison

I watch the movements of Juanita's hand;
  Her slender fingers roll a cigaret;
Each movement is to me a mute command.

I linger by her on this alien strand;
  The sad, mad world goes by; I've no regret;
I watch the movements of Juanita's hand.

I doze and wake upon the golden sand,
  Her lemon-tinted fingers flutter yet—
Each movement is to me a mute command.

Beside us rolls the sun-flecked Rio Grande;
  In my far northern home the sun is set.
I watch the movements of Juanita's hand.

She turns her face, by tropic breezes fanned;
  Her eyes can flash, but now they're soft
    and wet;
Each movement is to me a mute command.

She fears, perhaps, someday I'll leave this land;
  As I lie here all others I forget—
I watch the movements of Juanita's hand;
Each movement is to me a mute command.

Lament of a Schoolboy

By Marion Procise

Oh why do we got to school each day?
  The reason why, I cannot see.
We never have much time to play,
  For seldom are we ever free.
It seems to me there ought to be
  A special time for something new;
A time when everyone with glee
  Could do just what he wanted to.

But no, there is not one small ray
  Of hope that that will ever be,
And still I sit and hope and pray
  Some one will change by one degree
The length of time that we are free.
  Especially when my poetry's due,
I wish that I were like the free,
  Who did just what they wanted to.

If ever I felt prone to stay,
  It is when some assignment wee
Has made my happy day so gray.
  When out of school, I never see
A single chance for me to flee
  From this sad land which freemen
      knew,
For no one here would ever see
  To do just what he wanted to.

Envoy

Won't some one give for me a plea,
  And try the officers to stew,
So we may be like those, the free
  Who did just what they wanted to!

Lovely Hours

By Katherine Wilson

Oh, lovely hours that I have spent
  Wandering o'er the paths so green,
Down in my garden of content.

Down by the brook I slowly went
  Where the aster was a stately queen.
Oh, lovely hours that I have spent.

Where purple violets' heads are bent,
  Their modest beauty can be seen,
Down in my garden of content.

And all the while the wind gave vent
Through all the trees which were so
green.
Oh, lovely hours that I have spent.

Where God the shining dew has sent,
My eyes were dazzled by the sheen,
Down in my garden of content.

I do not now at all repent
For having been no saint or queen.
Oh, lovely hours that I have spent,
Down in my garden of content.

Ballade

By Jacqueline Hawks

My day began with joy and sun;
No bit of sadness did I find;
My laughter, in the morn begun,
In afternoon had seem'd to wind
Itself about me as to bind
My future happiness which lay
For us, had I not been unkind:
For I forgot my dear's birthday!

The tricky time that seems to run
So fast and leave me far behind,
Of me and my slow ways makes fun,
And 'pears to me to be not kind;
But all of this I was inclined
To put aside and never say
A word against it, even mind,
But I forgot my dear's birthday!

So now my watching has begun;
To passing time I am not blind,
And all the incidents that run
From June till May with care I mind.
My calendar with marks is lined

So I'll not o'erlook that certain day,
The day that e'en he had to remind
Me . . . . I'd forgot my dear's birthday!

Envoy

O passing time, I'm not resigned
To follow that forgetful way;
So never, never will I find
That I forgot my dear's birthday!

Rondel to a Cactus

By Ben Kinsey

O cactus on the desert plain
With many needles in your side,
You grow where other flow'rs have tried
To grow, but found it all in vain.

You are not stopp'd by lack of rain
For want of which the others died,
O cactus on the desert plain
With many needles in your side.

Like you, are those who again and again
Have swum against the popular tide;
Like you, are those who have earnestly tried
To do the right in spite of pain.
O cactus on the desert plain.

Bruton Parish Church

By Mary Boisseau

BRUTON PARISH Church is the oldest Episcopal Church in continuous use in America. The original church was a wooden structure, built in 1632. A brick church was built in 1674. In this church, it is said, the men sat on one side (the right) of the church and the women on the other. The name was derived from, or has some connection with, the tomb which lies by the side door and which states, "Under this marble lieth the body of Thomas Ludwell, Esq., Secretary of Virginia, who was born at Bruton, in the county of Summerset, in the kingdom of England, and departed this life in the year 1678."

The gallery in the back of the church was assigned formerly to the students of William and Mary College. The law at that time was that, when the students assembled, the door should be locked and the key given to the sexton. The woodwork is carved with the names of students of by-gone days. Among the most interesting initials are those of Joseph Cabell, Benjamin Harrison and John Marshall.

The bell in the tower of the steeple is the gift of James Tarpley. It was made in England and is engraved, "The gift of James Tarpley to Bruton Parish, 1761."

The church was restored in 1905-07. When this was done, most of the pews were made memorial. Among them are memorials to Edward Randolph, Chief Justice Marshall, President Tyler, and President Monroe.

At the time of the meetings of the House of Burgesses the population of Williamsburg increased from two thousand to six thousand. To accommodate the members of the House and their families, the two transepts of the church were built and paid for by the House of Burgesses. In these transepts the pews have been made memorials to different members of the House. Among them are found memorials to Jefferson, Harrison, George

Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Bland, George Mason, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Robert Carter Nicolas, Andrew Lewis, and others.

The clerk's desk has been made memorial to Alexander Bonnyman, the first recorded clerk of the Parish. The Governor's pew is a memorial to Governor Alexander Spotswood. Governor Spotswood furnished the plan and supervised the erection of the present building.

The font in Bruton Parish Church was brought from Jamestown. It is supposed to have been associated with the baptism of Pocahontas although there is no positive proof of the fact.

The bronze lantern in front of the Governor's pew was presented by Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, in memory of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of American Civilization.

The Bible was presented to the church by King Edward VII. The inscription is as follows: "This Bible is presented by His Majesty King Edward the Seventh, King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, to the church of Bruton, Virginia, a shrine rich in venerable traditions of worship, in solemn memories of patriots and statesmen, and in historic witness to the oneness of our people. The King will ever hope and pray that the ties of kinship and of language and the common heritage of ordered worship and of ennobling ideals may, through the saving faith of our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ revealed in these sacred pages, continue to unite Great Britain and America in a beneficent fellowship for setting forward peace and good will among men. MCMVII."

The sexton proudly displays to visitors the three sets of communion silver. One set was given by Lady Gooch to William and Mary College. The chalice bears the date 1680. Another, a set of three pieces, was presented by King George III. The Jamestown set consists of two pieces and was presented by Francis Morrison in 1661. There is also another plate inscribed, "For the use of James City Parish Church."

In one aisle of the transept are the names of seven men who signed the Declaration of Independence for Virginia. Above the pews memorial to these men is found a tablet inscribed as follows: "To the glory of God, and in memory of the members of the committee which drafted the law establishing Religious Freedom in Virginia: Thomas Jefferson, Vestryman of St. Anne's Parish; Edmund Pendleton, Vestryman of Drysdale Parish; George Wythe, Vestryman of Bruton Parish; George Mason,

Vestryman of Truro Parish; Thomas Ludwell Lee, Vestryman of Overwharton Parish . . . . being all members of the committee."

Many interesting and ancient graves are to be found in the Parish churchyard. According to the sexton, so many burials were made in the yard it became necessary to issue an order that the graves in the future be dug only to a certain depth, to avoid disturbing the remains of those who had previously been buried there.

Poems

By Mary Boisseau

Bruton Parish Church

I tread the ancient footstones;
Aimlessly I glimpse the trees,
The wall, the numerous drab tombstones.
The doorway fades behind me
And I pause . . . .
My footsteps lag, my eyes seek out
A certain pew—so similar to the rest,
Yet somehow different.
Minutes find me standing there;
I scarcely hear the sexton's voice,
. . . . "Here George Washington used to sit."
This was his pew, and here he thought
Those endless thoughts when states were
dreams alone.
I slowly turn my footsteps back
And slowly pass the open door.
I tread the ancient footstones.
Carefully I scan the trees,
The tombs, those endless monuments
To lives that dreamed and planned
The land I know today.

Homeland Color

Beauty reigns supreme I know
In tall, far-reaching sails of white;
Within the perfume of the night
On foreign shores enshrined in snow.

She flings her mantle far and wide
On tropic seas that rise and fall
In rhythm to the moonlight's call,
Beneath some silver mountain's side.

But beauty as I know her best
Demands no traveling urge in me;
I find she is not hard to see,
She asks no search or wandering quest.

My beauty comes at sunset glow
And fills the autumn scenes with gold
To lavish all the world can hold
Of nature's endless, fragrant show.

While others seek her presence far,
She walks with me in twilight haze
And lingers in the woodland ways.
Life sings where dreams and beauty are.

Success

When I see men whom fortune seems to heap
With every happiness and pleasure known;
Whose every move it seems will always reap
Rewards that others seek in vain to own;
Whose life, it seems, must bear some magic power,
That knows no failure, only fortune's hand
In daily, never-ending gifts that shower
Abundantly, as part of nature's plan—
I wonder how success is fashioned free
For these and yields no tiny part to some
Who work so hard for that they cannot see,
Nor ever touch, nor have, in years to come.
Success must lie in knowing when to try,
In realizing chance will pass you by.

Creamed Mushrooms

By Esther Lavenstein

IN THE spacious kitchen of the J. Wilson Compton home, which was ten miles from the city, preparations were being made for an informal dinner. Mrs. Compton lifted the lid off one of the many pans on the stove and sniffed the aroma. A horrified look crossed her round and usually happy face.

She called to her cook, "Sally, are these mushrooms fresh? They certainly smell rather queer. Here, smell them."

Trim little Sally in her gray uniform left the cake only half covered with yellow frosting. She bent over the stove and took a deep breath. She frowned and replied, " 'Deed they do, Miz Comp'on. Lord! You reckon them fool boys done played a trick and sold me toadstools for mushrooms? Lordy!"

Mrs. J. Wilson Compton regarded Sally as if she were mentally unbalanced. With a sharp intake of breath she said, "Why, why, Sally! Do you mean to tell me that you didn't know whether you were buying mushrooms or toadstools? Oh, Sally," she wailed, "how could you!"

Sally's eyes filled with tears as she answered Mrs. Compton, "You said we had to have creamed mushrooms for dinnah, an' I heered Mistah Comp'on tell you he wan't goin' to send the car back fo' you today. I knowed there wan't no way fo' you to git into town to buy 'em, an' I also knowed we had to have them mushrooms. So when those fool boys from the farm house up the road a bit came by heah wit' some of 'em, I say to myself, 'Lord! Sally, you is lucky, chile; you'd bettah grab 'em.' I did'nt think till jist now that maybe they ain't mushrooms, perhaps .... Lordy!"

Mrs. Compton was thoughtful. Great heavens! She could not have six people poisoned under her roof! Ah, maybe she could serve green peas instead. She scanned the shelves for a can of them, but she found none. Just her luck! Of course,

she'd know if they were mushrooms if she tasted them, but she dared not take the risk. She couldn't ask Sally to do it either.

Just at that moment Skipper, her large brown and white collie dog, appeared at the kitchen door. As Mrs. Compton held open the door for Skipper, the idea came to her. Skipper must sample the mushrooms, if mushrooms they were. Certainly foods produced the same effect on dogs as on people. She hated to do it, but it was better to sacrifice Skipper than her friends.

Sally thought the idea was fine, and she eagerly heaped mushrooms into Skipper's saucer. Mrs. J. Wilson Compton watched with Sally as Skipper gulped down the vegetable. When the saucer had been licked clean, Mrs. Compton said, "We won't know for a little while, Sally. Put Skipper on the porch and keep an eye on him. If he's going to die, I don't want the poor old fellow going off to do it." She rubbed his nose and patted his head and said, "Poor Skipper! Poor old fellow! I'm sorry I had to do this, boy."

Three hours later Mrs. Compton decided that Skipper wasn't going to die. He was much too playful to be even sick, so she unlatched the gate and let him go.

"They're mushrooms," she cried happily. "Cream them, Sally."

All the guests complimented Mrs. J. Wilson Compton on the dinner. It was a success. The creamed mushrooms were particularly delicious. Mr. Compton smiled his approval after the first forkful, and his wife was delighted.

Sally had just returned to the kitchen after serving the coffee, when she returned to the dining room. She leaned over Mrs. J. Wilson Compton's chair and whispered, "Skipper's dead!"

Mrs. Compton leaned back in her chair, outwardly composed but inwardly terrified. She sat up abruptly and begged to be excused; then she went to the telephone and dialed a number. She asked to speak to Dr. Perry, whom she asked to come out with a stomach pump. "Hurry," she said, "do hurry!"

Mrs. J. Wilson Compton returned to her guests, but not until they were comfortably settled in the living-room did she prepare them for what would ensue. "I have just learned that what I bought for mushrooms might have been toadstools. There is no need to be alarmed, but we do want to be careful, don't we? I have sent for Dr. Perry, who will bring with him a stomach pump. Then, my dears, we can be sure that there will be no ill-effects."

The guests looked at each other and smiled foolish, fright-

ened smiles. One said in a quavering voice, "Of course, if you think it wise."

"I'm so distressed at having to inconvenience you this way. I had planned such a lovely evening. Well, some other time, perhaps!" Mrs. J. Wilson Compton was still making apologies when the doctor arrived.

Two hours later, when the last of the guests had departed, Mrs. J. Wilson Compton sank into a chair and shed the tears of a humiliated hostess.

"From now on," she determined, "I'll buy my vegetables myself."

At breakfast the next morning Mrs. Compton inquired of Sally, "What did you do with poor old Skipper? I looked for him after all my guests left. He wasn't on the back porch."

Sally hurried to explain. "Lordy, Miz Comp'on, when my young man come to take me home last night, I sez to him, 'Frank, we is goin' to take this heah dog to be buried. That mean truck what runned over "Skip" messed him up so I don't reckon Miz Comp'on gonna wanta see him. I'll jest have to tell her in de mornin' 'cause she's busy now wif all her comp'ny.' Lordy! What's de mattah now, Miz Comp'on . . . . what I done dis time . . . huh, m'am!"

Verses

By Mary Willis O'Farrell

The Ocean

Listen to the murmur and the lapping of the
waves!
The murmur seems to say,
"I am calling to my braves
Who were fighters in their day,
But alas have passed away
Into far distant lands,
Beyond the murmur and the lapping
of the waves."

Listen to the shrieking and the banging
of the waves!
As they crack and clamor
As though angry many days,

And break with such a hammer
And try to cut their bands,
For to conquer other lands.
Oh, listen to the shrieking and the
banging of the waves!

Listen to the moaning and the groaning
of the waves!
A mighty anger holds them
But 'tis useless, 'tis in vain,
For old Neptune's at the helm
As they strive to reach
High heaven, but alas
A mighty roaring ocean has encompossed
them again.

Listen to the swishing and the rapping
of the waves!
As they sneak and break
Upon the distant shore,
With a patience from the deep
As they break, break, break;
Ever thudding day by day—
Listen to the swishing and the breaking
of the waves!

Thoughts

My thoughts are like the grape-vine
That twists and turns all day.
And when I almost get a line,
(One that I think will really shine),
They seem to fade away.

My thoughts are like the daffodils
That grow on yonder hill;
They dance and float—say, there's the boat,
Down by the old stone mill!

My thoughts are gray goose feathers,
The wind has blown away
Amid the grass and heather—Oh,
Come on, let's go play!

A Visit to Jamestown

By Ben Kinsey

EARLY one Sunday morning, as I was preparing for Sunday School and the usual Sabbath routine, my parents decided that we would spend the day at Jamestown Island. It was the anniversary of the first communion service held in this country and was therefore an opportune time for my first visit to the spot.

I am frank to confess, however, that the thought thrilled me little, if at all. A trip to Virginia Beach, with a swim and a few hours at the Casino, was my idea of a pleasure trip; or a journey to Charlottesville to cheer for the University football team was even more in my line. But a trip to any place as dead as Jamestown was to me a cloud with no silver lining. Nevertheless, the family was determined to go, and I had to make the best of it.

To reach Jamestown we had to board the old Jamestown Ferry. The ferry was a unique boat, much smaller than any I had seen before, and on it a little incident occurred which heightened my gloom. Just as we were leaving the dock, I spied an acquaintance of mine, a Mr. Riggs. He, I gathered after a short talk, was not bound for Jamestown at all, but was going to continue on to Williamsburg to see his fiancee. In fact, he had heard nothing of the service at Jamestown. Here, I mused, was another romantic and enjoyable way of spending a Sunday afternoon, much better than tramping about Jamestown Island until your legs ache.

As we neared the island, my spirits began to rise. The old church, rebuilt among the trees, and the newly erected monument nearby, presented an inspiring sight. The famous church, although very old in design, had a remarkably new appearance.

The island itself was an even bigger surprise to me. I had a mental picture of antique framework houses, on the verge of collapse; probably a narrow lane of cobblestones from one side of the island to the other. Surely there would be one or two old brick structures still standing.

Instead of all this I found myself in a lovely park. The grass and trees were a bright green, the monuments were of glistening white stone, and the church itself looked new and bright. The ancient church tower seemed to stand as a lone sentinel of the old days.

The service was held outdoors, the altar having been built under a spreading tree. There were a few benches and chairs, but the majority of the congregation seated themselves upon the ground. The choir, preceded by a young boy with the cross, filed in from among the trees to the familiar strain of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The service proper, lasting nearly an hour, was the most beautiful I have ever attended.

After the service the center of interest became an attractive, dark-skinned girl of about twenty-five years. She was accompanied by an elderly lady who took great pleasure in introducing her to everyone in sight as Miss So-and-So, a direct descendant of Pocahontas. The girl was thoroughly at ease and gave the impression that she had gone through the same procedure for many years.

We took one more short stroll about the island and then hastened to the ferry. The day was drawing to a close when we departed from the island. As I look back, I am convinced that this was one of the most valuable days of my life.

Five Sonnets

Lines Composed in Central Park

By Ben Kinsey

The legend of this simple bowl of stone
Is one we love to study o'er and ponder.
Did the little Indian Princess come alone
To bathe her lovely face, and pause to wonder
At the beauty mirrored in the tiny pool?
And did she come each morn at break of light,
When early breezes made the stillness cool,
Filled with dreams and girlish visions bright?
Or did she feel the misery of her fate,
When her foreign husband took her by the hand,
And made her live across the sea in state
While she was pining for her native land?

Release

By Ben Kinsey

I sat alone and brooded o'er my past,
The hopes and dreams that had as infants died.
"O Fates, the lots of fortune which you cast
Gave me no chance to rise to fame," I cried.
Vainly I'd tried to lead my life along
The straighter path, but future was so black
That I stood like Atlas, firm and strong,
A world of trouble resting on my back.
In last despair, my friends, to you I ran
And joined your games with well-pretended glee.
In you I saw the joy and mirth of man
And resolved again to set my worries free.
But on returning home I couldn't find
The cares that lately had disturbed my mind.

Nature Lover

By John Bernard

The hunter goes a-tramping through the field
Admiring all the blooming goldenrod,
Gathering nuts which in their shells are sealed,
As through the wooded thickets he has trod;
He watches the rising sun break through the
trees,
Wades through streams that ripple o'er the rocks,
And marvels at the beauty of all these,
While the woodpecker up above him knocks.
He loves the smell of dried leaves on the ground;
The leaves are changed to scarlet by the fall.
He hears a chattering noise; he turns around,
He raises his gun at the prettiest of them all,
The small gray squirrels playing on the hill;
These the nature-lover came to kill.

Meditation

By Katherine Wilson

As I am sitting 'neath a willow tree,
Completely lost in meditative thought,
I think of all the beauties that I see
That Mother Nature now to us has brought:
The butterfly a-flitting in the sun,
With grace and beauty of a fairy light;
The lovely bluebird has his nest begun
To build. All of these make the world so
bright.
I wonder why the willow weeps and sighs,
And where the babbling brook so swiftly goes;
I wonder why the wind so softly cries
Through all the trees, as I begin to doze.
God knows the answers to these questions few,
And He alone can give the answers true.

A Sonnet

By Effie Pringos

Arrayed in red and gold and now turned free,
The leaves of fall are tumbling to the ground
To play awhile, and so they leave the tree
Which once was home, and there then they are
found
In piles, for little feet to kick around
Into the air again before they die,
And stop to listen to the rustling sound—
Now half the tree is bare, the rest they lie,
But soon the other half will join them there.
Together then they will await their fate
Which soon will follow, leaving without care
The branches stretched against the sky so great.
O nature, turn away your winds and spare
One golden leaf of the many trees so bare.

Williamsburg's Public Buildings

By Robert Whittle

THE PRINCIPAL public buildings of Williamsburg which have been included in the Restoration are: the Sir Christopher Wren building, the Governor's Palace, the Capitol, the Raleigh Tavern, and the Court House. The Court House, used as the county seat until a few years ago, has been converted into an archaeological museum and is now used to exhibit the relics and curios which were dug up during the excavations. The remainder of the buildings have been restored and are now open for public inspection.

THE WREN BUILDING

This was originally the main building of the College of William and Mary. It contains the classrooms, dining hall, the chapel, and the room where the college officials met. These rooms have been furnished, in some cases, with the original pieces and in others with accurate reproductions of the furniture characteristic of that time. The classrooms contain the long desks and benches used in the days of the hickory stick. The chapel is very interesting in that the center aisle divides it into two sections which face each other rather than the altar. There is a small organ representing the original one used. The basement contains the kitchen and skullery, as well as the graves of several Williamsburg notables. There is also the entrance to a tunnel leading to the woods to be used as a means for escape in case of an Indian attack.

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE

This building is interesting from an architectural point of view as well as an historical one. It represents the cream of

Colonial architecture in the gardens, walks, and drives as well as in the buildings themselves. The Palace proper contains the magnificent parlors, salons, bedrooms, the great ballroom, and many other rooms. None of the rooms has been completely refurnished, but they are gradually being filled with beautiful draperies, ornaments and furnishings of that period. The details for the restoration came from the private inventories of the governors as well as from the various reports of the committee in charge in the House of Burgesses. The exquisite gardens have been again laid out in their original lines, and the same walks have been restored from the evidences discovered by excavations.

The most picturesque detail of the Palace is the kitchen. This has been plentifully furnished with antique cooking utensils, and a special touch of local color is added by an old colored woman who tells the visitors about the various implements.

The rooms of the Palace have been restored as nearly as possible like the original ones. Some have paneled walls and others elaborate wall paper. One room is papered with paper removed from an old English home. It still retains the brilliance of color in spite of nearly two hundred years' existence. The grand ballroom is so vivid in suggestion that one can almost see the stately ladies and gentlemen of Colonial days. The entire Palace carries with it an atmosphere of dignity and charm.

THE CAPITOL

In an historical sense, the Capitol is the outstanding building of the Restoration. The building, which has been rebuilt, was the first of the two capitols which stood on the same foundations. The earlier of the two has been reconstructed because it was the more elaborate and more carefully planned and because of the extensive records which made more details available. The rooms of the Capitol include the House of Burgesses, the Clerk's office, three committee rooms, the Conference room, the Council Chamber, the Secretary's office, and the General Court.

The House of Burgesses, where met the members of that body, catches one's imagination readily. It contains the original Speaker's Chair which had been preserved in the Capitol in Richmond. There are also the benches for the Burgesses, a large walnut table, and the portraits of William III and Queen Mary. The wainscoting on the walls is painted "like Wanscote," according to the journals of the House of Burgesses.

The Council Chamber was where the Governor and the Coun-

cil met as the upper house of the General Assembly. The walls of the room are made of marbleized wood to show a distinction between the two Houses.

The General Court is a very interesting part of the Colonial Capitol. This was where the Governor and the Council met to perform their judicial duties. The seat provided for the Governor is a "bench made chairwise." There are twelve chairs for the Council and three benches for the jury. A glass luster hangs over the administrative end of the room, and a copy of an old lanthorn lights the end used by the public. .

THE RALEIGH TAVERN

The Restoration of Colonial Williamsburg would indeed be incomplete without the Raleigh Tavern. This old tavern was the center of the political and economical as well as the social life of the town. It was here that, while the General Assembly was in session, the legislators with their families stayed. It was here, too, that on more than one occasion the House of Burgesses met to take action on measures disapproved by the Governor.

The best known of all the public rooms at the Raleigh was "the Apollo." It was in this room that the House of Burgesses met, and here, according to tradition, the first meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held. Many of the great balls and entertainments were also held here.

The Tavern contains the public and private dining rooms, a bar, and private sitting rooms for the ladies and gentlemen. To further complete the Colonial atmosphere, the hostesses or guides are dressed in clothes typical of that early day. At every turn, the spirit of Colonial dignity and charm prevails and magnifies the glory of the past.

Musings

By Edgar Morris

The Fort

This ancient, rotting ruin that we view,
  All overgrown with grass and long ago
Forgotten by the world—when it was new
  It was the prime objective of the foe
That battered for a fortnight at our town,
Their cannon mowing all before them down.

This heap of stone, and timbers long decayed.
  These mounds of earth and rusty bits of steel
Are mute reminders of the stand they made
  To save their town. Those southern pines
      conceal
Their graves. A few years more, and every trace
Will vanish—like that brave and gallant race.

I turn and face the city to the west—
  How beautiful it seems against the sun!
Its people now with peace and plenty blessed,
  No thought of danger or hostile gun.
I see a banner waving 'gainst the sky.
Where long ago they saw another fly.

General To The Rear

A fat and burly general sits at a polished desk,
His gaudy uniform in perfect order.
The light is reflected from its gleaming buttons
As he pores over a large military map—
He moves several pins for half an inch.

Miles away a whistle sounds—
Thousands of young men scramble over the top;
Rush madly forward through the mud.
Screaming shells tear their ranks apart;
Shrapnel . . . machine gun . . . rifle!
Huge gaps are torn in the front lines;
They close up.

The screams of dying men fill the air—
No one seems to notice.
Strong, sturdy men stagger foolishly,
Reel, and fall forward
Face first
Into the reeking, slimy holes
Of stinking water.
Their comrades step over them,
Steadily advancing.
Fixed bayonets . . . .
A few steps more . . . .
Grenades!
A few steps.
They plunge into the enemy trenches.
Hand-to-hand . . . blade-to-blade!
Cursing! Stabbing! Shouting! Fighting!
Killing for a "cause."
Slowly the tumult subsides;
The objective is won.

Behind the rear lines the general sits.
He speaks into a telephone;
Listens . . . .
Hangs up the receiver carefully.
He smiles with satisfaction
And fixes the pins in their new positions.

What Price Success

How often have I rested by that stream
  Which gurgles musically beneath the trees,
Where nature reigns alone, and reigns supreme;
  Where mocking birds rehearse their rhapsodies.

The virgin forest, still unmarred by man,
  The mossy banks, inviting me to linger,
The crystal waters rippling o'er the sand,
  As though disturbed by dipping fairy finger.

I had no troubles then, nor did I know,
  Or care to know the problems of a world
Where ev'ry man is labelled as a foe,
  When gold its crimson banner has unfurled.

And now you see me strolling once again
Along that brook where as a boy I played,
Attempting to recapture, but in vain,
Those carefree thoughts which for success we trade.

'Sno Use

I stand here gazing pensively
Across the white and glistening snow.
I watch the snow birds flitting by,
And see the snow drifts row on row.

The sidewalk, covered half knee deep;
Each tree and bush is weighted down.
All sound is muffled by the coat
Of ermine shrouding all the town.

"A wondrous sight!" the poets say,
And I'll agree that they should know.
But answer this one, if you please:
Do poets have to shovel snow?

Before Yorktown

By Clinton Faison

CLOMP . . . clomp . . . clomp," was the only sound which could be heard on the Palace Green in Williamsburg, except the rumbling of thunder in the distance, the sign of an approaching storm. This steady, rhythmic beating of footsteps on the gravel walk seemed to come from a man who was lost in thought. Suddenly the "man of the footsteps" turned and walked up the path leading to the George Wythe House. As he ascended the steps to the wide, spacious porch, the front door opened and a middle-aged lady peered timidly out.

"Oh, it's you, George," she exclaimed with evident relief. "I thought something had happened to you. General Lafayette, Mr. Genera Nelson . . . I think that's his name . . . and Mr. Rochambeau are in the parlour waiting for you. They were also anxious lest something had happened to you, for you were always on time for your appointments. It is nearly nine o'clock, and you were supposed to be here at eight-thirty."

"Yes, I know," replied George, with a deep voice, "but I was thinking about Cornwallis and what he expected to gain by going to Yorktown. However, I had better go in and see the others before they try to scalp me."

Accordingly he went into the other room, and, to his surprise, he heard a great deal of laughing.

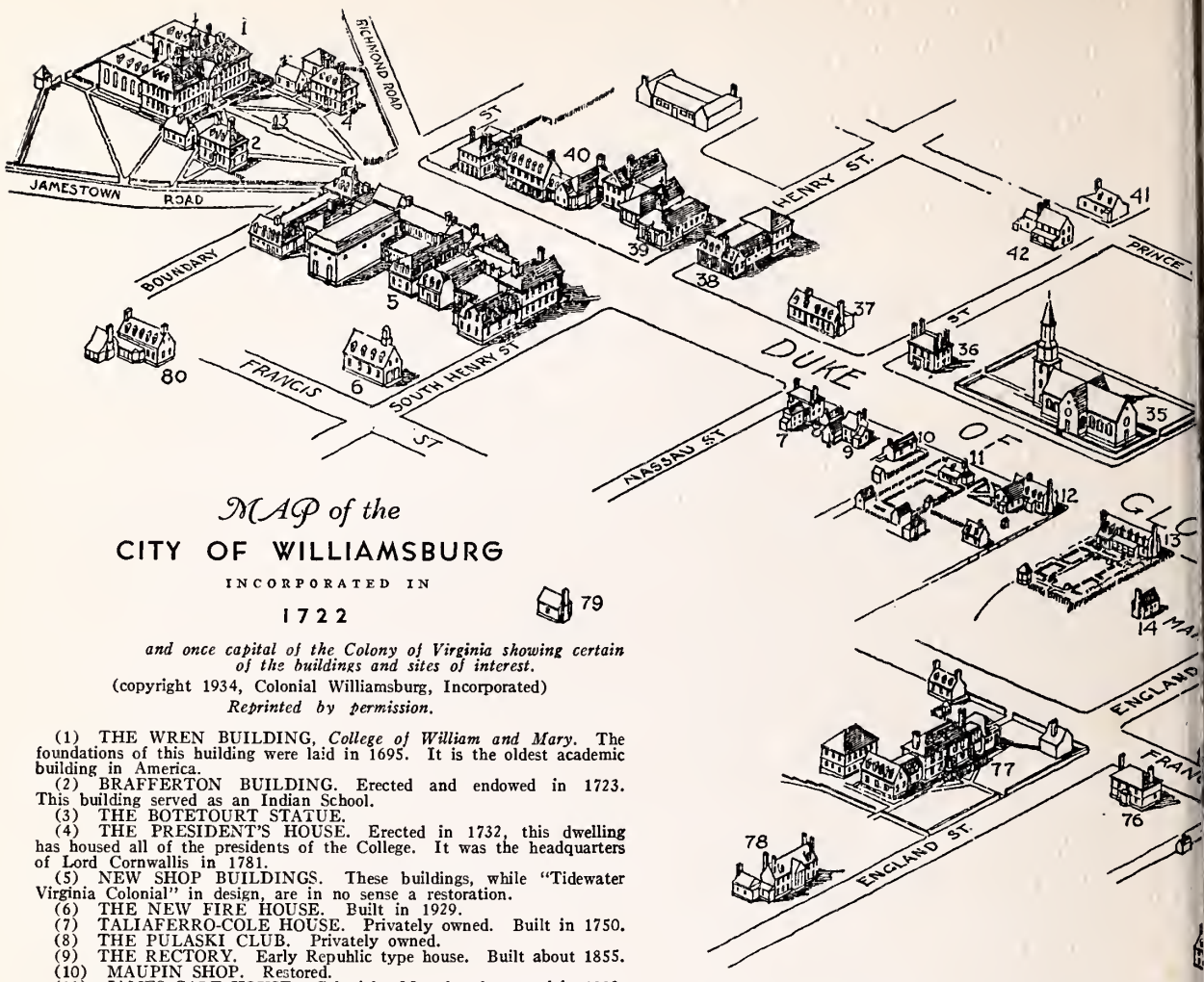
"My most profound apology, gentlemen, for being late," said Washington, for he was the man of the footsteps, "but tell me why all the laughter."

General Lafayette brushed away the tears of laughter that rolled down his cheeks and said:

"We were just trying to imagine the look on Cornwallis' face if he found that we had captured his fleet, and he was 'bottled up,' so to speak, on the peninsula at Yorktown."

"Yes, that would be a treat," smiled Washington, "but do you realize that we would have victory in our very grasp if we could only capture his fleet?"

(Continued on page 40)



MAP of the
CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG

INCORPORATED IN

1722

and once capital of the Colony of Virginia showing certain of the buildings and sites of interest.

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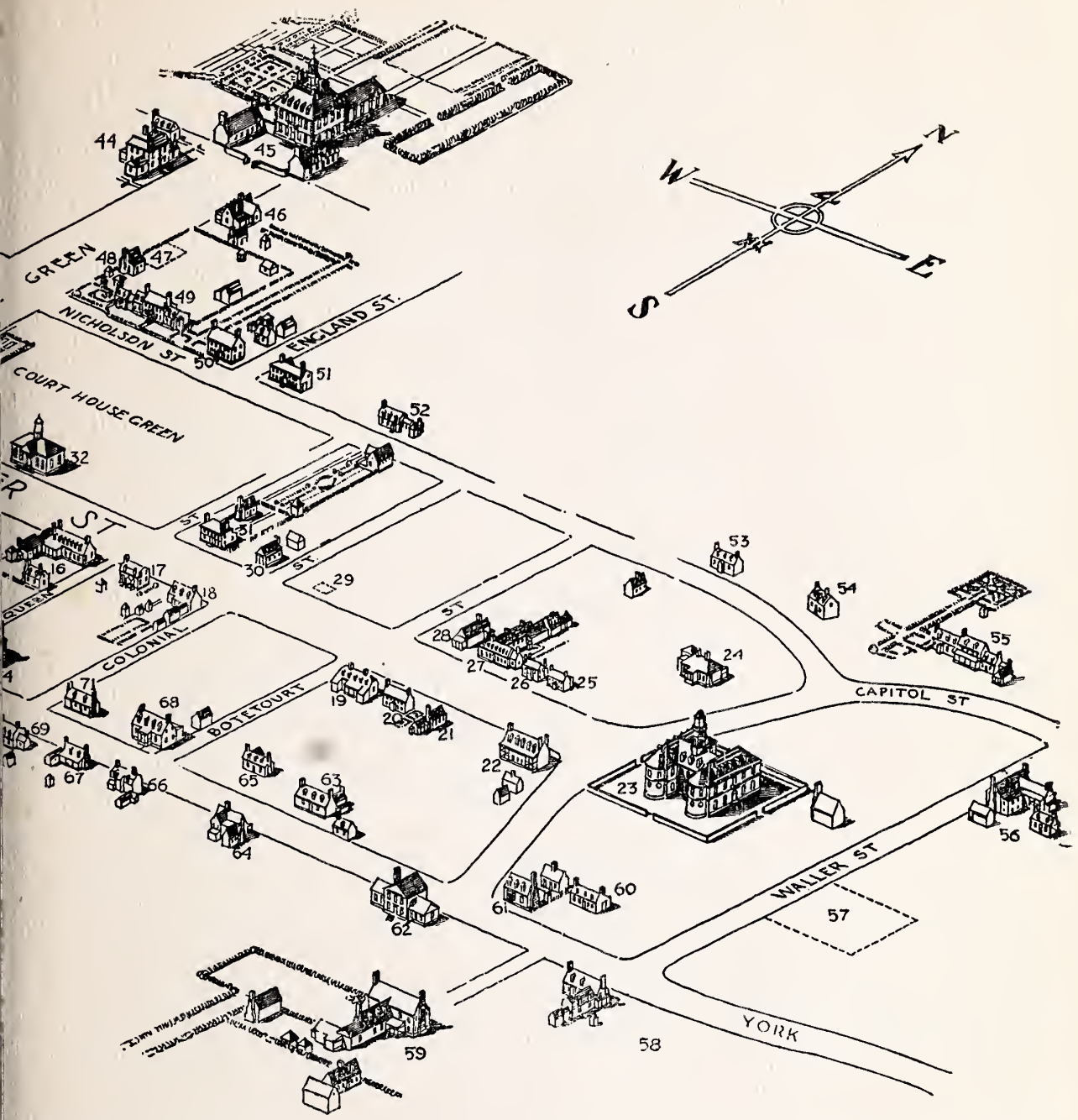
(1) THE WREN BUILDING, *College of William and Mary.* The foundations of this building were laid in 1695. It is the oldest academic building in America.
(2) BRAFFERTON BUILDING. Erected and endowed in 1723. This building served as an Indian School.
(3) THE BOTETOURT STATUE.
(4) THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE. Erected in 1732, this dwelling has housed all of the presidents of the College. It was the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis in 1781.
(5) NEW SHOP BUILDINGS. These buildings, while "Tidewater Virginia Colonial" in design, are in no sense a restoration.
(6) THE NEW FIRE HOUSE. Built in 1929.
(7) TALIAFERRO-COLE HOUSE. Privately owned. Built in 1750.
(8) THE PULASKI CLUB. Privately owned.
(9) THE RECTORY. Early Republic type house. Built about 1855.
(10) MAUPIN SHOP. Restored.
(11) JAMES GALT HOUSE. Colonial. Moved and restored in 1930.
(12) JOHN CUSTIS TENEMENT. Restored; original foundations.
(13) TRAVIS HOUSE. Colonial. Moved and restored in 1930.
(14) COLONIAL PRISON. Prohably the old James City County prison erected about 1715.
(15) THE POWDER MAGAZINE. Built at the instance of Governor Alexander Spotswood in 1714. The removal of the powder from this magazine by Lord Dunmore on April 20, 1775, caused the outbreak of the Revolution in Virginia.
(16) THE MARKET SQUARE TAVERN.
(17) LIGHTFOOT HOUSE. Colonial. Restored.
(18) CAPTAIN ORR'S DWELLING. Colonial. Restored.
(19) BLAND-WETHERBURN HOUSE. Said to be the hirthplace in 1710 of Richard Bland the statesman.
(20) CHARLTON'S INN. Colonial. Restored.
(21) PURDIE'S DWELLING. Restored upon original foundations.
(22) KERR HOUSE. A brick house was first erected on this site in 1734 hy Alexander Kerr, a noted goldsmith. It served as McClellan's headquarters during the War hetween the States.
(23) THE CAPITOL. In 1699 the seat of government was moved from Jamestown to Williamshurg, and in 1705 a handsome Capitol Building was completed on this site.
(24) SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Erected in 1751 for a Public Record Office of the Colony. Privately owned.
(25) COLONIAL HOUSE. Privately owned.
(26) COLONIAL HOUSE. Privately owned.
(27) THE RALEIGH TAVERN. Erected prior to 1742, this large frame huilding was the outstanding hostelry of its day.
(28) SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BALL. This shop was erected in colonial days.
(29) VIRGINIA GAZETTE PRINTING OFFICE SITE. The approximate site of the printing office established hy William Parks, who in 1736 founded the First Virginia newspaper.
(30) DR. BLAIR'S APOTHECARY SHOP. Restored.
(31) LUDWELL-PARADISE HOUSE. This house was built by Col. Philip Ludwell II, of Greenspring.
(32) OLD COURT HOUSE. Erected by the City of Williamsburg and the County of James City in 1770. Restored.
(33) COLONIAL HOUSE. This house was erected in the middle eighteenth century and has been altered many times.
(34) JAMES GEDDY HOUSE. Restored.
(35) BRUTON PARISH CHURCH. Erected in 1710-15 to replace a previous church on the same site, this is said to he the oldest Episcopal church in continuous use in America. Its exterior is original.
(36) THE ARMISTEAD HOUSE. Privately owned.
(37) THE BLAIR HOUSE. Home of John Blair, president of the Council, twice acting-governor of Virginia. Restored.
(38) NEW SHOP BUILDING. Built in 1931.
(39) NEW BANK BUILDING. "Tidewater Virginia Colonial"
(40) NEW SHOP BUILDING AND PARKING AREA. T area in the rear is free to the general public. Not a restoration.
(41) TIMSON HOUSE. Erected prior to 1717 hy William T
(42) MINOR HOUSE.
(43) THE WYTHE HOUSE. Erected in 1755 by Richard Tal who willed it to his son-in-law, George Wythe, in 1775. Wythe w first professor of the first law course offered by an American coll signer of the Declaration of Independence; designer of the seal ginia; and Chancellor of the Commonwealth of Virginia. The served as the headquarters of General Washington prior to the Yo siege. Owned and restored hy Bruton Parish Church.
(44) CARTER-SAUNDERS HOUSE. Governor Dinwiddie li this house while the Palace, nearhy, was being repaired in 1751.
(45) THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE. A house, or palace, f royal governors of Virginia was ordered built in 1705. The buildi completed on this site hetween the years 1713 and 1720.
(46) BRUSH HOUSE. This house was erected hetween 171 1719 by John Brush, gunsmith and armourer to Governor Spot Mary Johnston pictures the house as the home of Audrey in her "Audrey." On a window pane is scratched "S. B., 1796—O fatal
(47) SITE OF THE FIRST THEATRE IN AMERICA. In William Levingston erected the first theatre in America on this s
(48) THE LEVINGSTON HOUSE. Restored; original founda
(49) THE ST. GEORGE TUCKER HOUSE. This was the h St. George Tucker, who succeeded George Wythe as professor of the College of William and Mary. Tucker's descendants still live house. Restored.
(50) THE ARCHIBALD BLAIR HOUSE. Restored. The gar this house was a landmark in the colonial records of York County
(51) THE RANDOLPH-PEACHY HOUSE. Rochambeau ha headquarters here prior to the Yorktown siege. Lafayette was ent ed here when he returned to America as the guest of Congress in Peyton Randolph lived in this house at the time of his death. father, Sir John Randolph, owned a house on this site as early as
(52) COLONIAL HOUSE. Home in 1759 of Hon. John Tayl
(53) COLONIAL HOUSE. Privately owned.
(54) THE PUBLIC GAOL. Built about 1701 by the colony building would correspond with the state penitentiary of today. Henry Hamilton, English governor of Detroit, was imprisoned. heard's pirates were also imprisoned here and, later, hanged.
(55) COKE-GARRETT HOUSE. This house, long the home Garrett family, was owned throughout the 18th century by the family. It was noted for its garden. Restored.
(56) DR. ROBERT WALLER HOUSE. Not restored.
(57) SITE OF THE SECOND WILLIAMSBURG THEATRE. Levingston Theatre of 1716 failed. A second theatre was erected o



"The Merchant of Venice" was presented on September 5, 1752.

) BENJAMIN WALLER HOUSE. Colonial.

) BASSETT HALL. Owned from 1753 to the close of the 18th y by Colonel Philip Johnson, it was later owned by Burwell Bas- a nephew of Mrs. Washington. Restored.

) COLONIAL HOUSE. Not yet restored.

) AYSCOUGH'S SHOP. Site of old shop.

) SEMPLE HOUSE. Restored.

) COLONIAL HOUSE. York County records establish this to be f the earliest Williamsburg homes.

) CHISWELL-BUCKTROUT HOUSE. Col. John Chiswell is said ve built this house for his bride, Elizaheth Randolph, in 1750.

) THE WIG-MAKER'S HOUSE. Colonial; not restored.

) MOODY HOUSE. Not restored.

) ROPER HOUSE. Not restored.

) COLONIAL DWELLING.

) POWELL-HALLAM HOUSE. Erected about 1752; restored.

) BRAXTON HOUSE. Not restored.

) COLONIAL HOUSE. Privately owned.

) ORRELL HOUSE. Colonial house. Restored.

) THE QUARTER. Colonial house. Restored.

) MASONIC LODGE BUILDING. The present building, owned rected in 1931 by the Williamshurg Masonic Lodge, stands upon the f a colonial lodge building. The original building, which disappeared in recent years, was said to have heen the oldest Masonic lodge building in America. In it George Washington officiated as visiting Grand Master.

(75) THE BRACKEN HOUSE. Restored in 1929.

(76) ALLEN-BYRD HOUSE. Built about 1769 by William Allen, this house was later the town house of William Byrd III of Westover. Not yet restored.

(77) SITE OF THE FIRST COLONIAL COURT HOUSE. The court house which was here in 1715 was superseded hy the court house of 1770 which still stands on the Duke of Gloucester Street. A new court house of colonial design—with its northern end modelled on the famous King William Court House—has been erected on this site. The old foundations and the very beautiful old chimney which were all that was left of the old buildings which once stood here have been incorporated in the new group.

(78) TAZEWELL HALL. The home of John Randolph, the Tory, last royal Attorney General for the Virginia Colony. It was the birthplace of his son, Edmund Randolph, who was the first Federal Attorney General and, later, Secretary of State of the United States. Not restored.

(79) THE CUSTIS KITCHEN. The small brick building standing in the exercise yard of the Eastern State Hospital is the kitchen of the old Custis residence, which once stood on this property. It was in this residence that Martha Washington lived with her first hushand, Daniel Parke Custis, who inherited the home from his father, John Custis.

(80) THE GRIFFIN HOUSE. Not restored.

"What he says is true, indeed!" exclaimed Lafayette.

"As I understand it," interrupted Nelson, "the British army, under Cornwallis, wishes to make contact with the British fleet at Yorktown and have the fleet transport them to New York. Is that true?"

"Yes," replied Washington, "that is what we think his objective was in going to Yorktown. However, we may be mistaken, but I don't think so."

"If we could only capture that fleet, then we would surely have Cornwallis in a hole," exclaimed Lafayette.

"That is why I called you here," exclaimed Washington. "We must find some way to stop that fleet and then surround Cornwallis."

And so, as they made plans for capturing Cornwallis, little they realized that in the corner of that very room, concealed behind a massive bookcase, was the greatest of Britain's spies, known as "X-1."

"X-1" listened attentively to their conversation and occasionally took down a few notes in a small black book which he held in his left hand. Everything was fine, he told himself. Here he was in Washington's headquarters listening to the plans which the Americans thought would destroy Cornwallis' army. He smiled as he thought of a trap he would prepare, and, with the British generals, capture General Washington and his entire army, thus ending the war. The thought of medals and recognition from the King of England crossed his mind. Yes, he assured himself, life was indeed a pleasure.

He was suddenly interrupted in his thoughts when he heard a sharp bark from a dog. To his horror he heard the dog scratching outside the bookcase. As in a dream he heard General Washington and the others get up and come toward the bookcase. He grew desperate. His dream of medals broke like a soap bubble. He resolved to fling himself forward and jump out of the window as soon as the bookcase was moved enough. He steeled himself for the effort. His one consolation was that the others would be taken by surprise and wouldn't be able to catch him unless something unexpected intervened.

The bookcase began to move forward! He cursed himself for ever coming to this dreadful place! What right had they to shoot him down if he were caught? It suddenly dawned upon him that this would be his fate if he didn't get out of the window.

Still the bookcase kept moving backward! He realized that

his very life depended on the next few seconds. The opening was now large enough. He threw himself forward and ran for the window! "X-1" felt a heavy weight hanging on him as he leaped over the sill. He gave his body a slight twist before he hit the ground, which was about ten feet away.

Britain's greatest spy never knew what later happened, for he fell on his neck and the weight of the other person broke it.

"Thank the Lord, you're safe, Rochambeau," cried Washington as he jumped from the same sill and clasped Rochambeau's hand. "If you hadn't caught him, all our plans would have failed."

* * * * * *

A few weeks later the war was ended with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Few knew that the success of this campaign was due to the quick thinking of Rochambeau and the excellent fighting tactics of Washington.

For his great service to this country, Rochambeau received a gold medal with the following inscription:

To
FRANCOIS D. ROCHAMBEAU
for
Extraordinary Valor and Bravery and
voluntarily endangering
his own life
for the sake of the American Cause
during the American War of Independence.
July 29th, 1776

Nature Moods

By Blanche Davies

Magic Night

In silent night while alone I stand
'Neath a sky of midnight blending,
I see some unknown magic hand;
Small sparks of light o'er the heavens
sending
Lighting up the land.

Each midnight cloud has a silver edge,
And a yellow moon is sailing
Among the clouds its way to wedge,
As it rolls above with its surface paling,
Keeping earthly pledge.

The trees appear silhouettes below,
And the world lies calmly sleeping;
Soon all these lovely things must go—
Bright stars, the night with the great
moon peeping,
Ending magic show.

Rain Rhythm

The constant pitter-patter of the rain
Comes splashing down upon my window pane;
In rhythmic drops it plays a melody
Of fresh green earth and fruits that are to be.

The dripping, dripping raindrops through the
trees
Come gently down, the thirsty leaves to please;
I watch them fall in valleys far below,
And see them make the pasture all aglow.

The dashing splashing rhythm of the pour
Beats loud tattoos against my cabin door;
The merry cloudbursts falling from above,
The wind, the trees, the earth and all I love.

The Wythe House at Williamsburg

By Jane Ellis

"YOU MUST remember," my guide said in conclusion, "that the Wythe House itself, except for the usual repairs, remains as it was when Richard Taliaferro built it in 1755. Luckily it was never burned or otherwise destroyed."

My tour of the house under the guide's supervision hadn't taken long, and when she left me she said, "Perhaps you would like to look things over again by yourself." Realizing that I had a long while to wait until the time when my friends were to call for me there, and also that I was quite tired, I sat in a deep window seat in the parlor, and prepared to wait. I thought back over the things my guide had showed me: the lovely furnishings and appointments, the glittering chandeliers and mellow paneling in the original soft green color, the old portraits and the graceful staircase, which I could see now through the parlor door from where I sat.

Even all of these things, however, would not have made so deep and strange an impression on me had it not been for that intangible something . . . . that atmosphere, let us call it, that pervaded the whole house. Recalling all the stories I had heard about that house and its occupants, it was easy to suppose that these rooms through which so many people had walked during all the years should retain something of those people's personalities, just as linen for a long time remains redolent of the lavender that has been placed between its folds.

Sitting there in the twilight, it was not hard to imagine the people from the Wythe House legends (most of which are established as true by history) stepping from the shadows in that old room. Ghosts walked for me there in the dusk, not the unpleasant kind that people see and hear at seances, but the

much nicer kind that are created by a vivid imagination and the proper setting.

First there is Richard Taliaferro himself, proud of his new home, proud with the pride of a creator, for he was an architect and he had used all his skill in drawing the plans for this house. A kindly smile creeps over his face; he must be thinking of his daughter who is soon to marry the brilliant young lawyer, George Wythe, and for whom this house was really built. Perhaps he is merely admiring the imported Waterford glass chandelier hanging in the parlor or the stairway stained with the light of sunset which falls through the window on the landing.

The architect fades away now, and in his place stands George Wythe. It is more than twenty years later and much has happened. He has gained fame as the author of Virginia's first Constitution, including the famous Bill of Rights, and he has lost his beloved wife. Old Mr. Taliaferro had died not long after his daughter, leaving his property to his son-in-law, Wythe. The colonies are in a state of turmoil, fighting a seemingly hopeless little war against England for their independence, and Wythe has thrown in his lot with the colonists against the mother country. These are anxious days and the house sees many men, worried by deep problems, come and go, usually carrying sound advice from Wythe. The house is a bit sad, for there are no more gay balls, with the King's Governor and all of Williamsburg society dancing in the square, high-ceilinged rooms. Everything is grim with war.

There it is two years later, 1781, and soldiers are posted in front of the Wythe House. Passers-by cast curious and respectful glances toward it, for General Washington is making his headquarters here. He and his staff are now sitting about the large dining room table. They have been working, planning for many hours. Restlessly General Washington rises and strides from the room through the wide hall and into the parlor. He stands before a window quietly gazing out at the Palace Green and thinking, perhaps, of the long struggle of war that he and his country had endured for the past several years. He is lost in thought for a number of minutes, and his staff awaits him silently. Then he turns and walks back to them.

"Very well, gentlemen," he says, "that is all, I think. We will leave tomorrow for Yorktown. I believe that our success in this campaign is assured. Let us pray that it be so . . . . "

Next I see happy figures stepping the graceful measures

of old dances at a ball in celebration of the victory at Yorktown. But among the guests is a nephew of George Wythe, a man with a sly and cruel face. He looks about him, admiring the handsome house, admiring it too much, indeed, for tradition says that a few years later he poisoned his famous uncle so as to inherit his property.

The unpleasant vision fades quickly, and in its place stands the pretty young Scotch woman who was the next mistress of the house. She was the wife of Sir Peyton Skipworth and a part of the only real ghost story of the Wythe House. Old inhabitants of Williamsburg have long told this tale, affirming its truth. It seems that at one of the balls given in the neighborhood the quick-tempered young woman was offended in some way and rushed from the ballroom furiously angry. Without waiting for her escort or her carriage, she ran back to her home. On the way she lost one of her frail dancing slippers and entered the Wythe House with one foot clad only in a stocking. Now they say that whoever watches there at midnight will hear the click of a high-heeled slipper alternating with the soft tread of a bare-foot on the wide, shallow steps as Lady Skipworth reascends the broad stairway.

At this point the rancous hoot of an automobile horn broke in upon my pleasant reverie. Reluctantly I realized that with that whimsical story of a Colonial Cinderella, I should have to leave the Wythe House without completing my ghostly parade. The hospitable double doors shut behind me, and I tucked the remaining wisps of fancies away in a dark corner of my mind.

The Rain

By Mary Louise Clements

It falls
In sparkling drops
On house tops far and wide
And sounds like the tinkling of
silvery bells
In the air.

Now it flows
In a steady stream
From the sky so dark and drear
And there's the tone of the big
base drum
In the air.

And then
The rain comes down,
Sometimes so gentle to hear,
Again like the raging waves
far out
At sea.

Fate

By Wade Mangum

THE lofty marble structure of the Capitol, the citadels, and the temples of the gods that lay scattered like seeds from the sower's hand looked down from Rome's seven hills on the scene below.

Trumpets blared, and the crowds shouted at the parade of triumph that progressed through the narrow cobbled streets of Rome. At the head of the procession Claudanus, the general, a short, squat man with a round head from which peered cruel, dark eyes, rode in his highly decorated chariot. Dressed in crimson robes and white sandals, his chest swelled out like a turkey strutting around the barnyard, he received the plaudits of the cheering mob for his victory over the Teutons.

Behind Claudanus rode his victorious officers, decked with garlands and ornaments, until their line of chariots seemed a multi-colored serpent twisting on its zig-zag course.

As much as the victors in the lead were filled with pride and dignity, the captives in the rear plodded among their chains in shame and humiliation. They were blond Teutons, who had set out to enter Rome and climb its citadel-studded hills in triumph, and now were being led into Rome to slavery and death.

That night the dungeons were hells of horror as men sought in vain for comrades, women for children and their kin. In a corner, conscious of the misery around him, but betraying no emotion on his features, a young Teuton sat alone. A strong, well-built, dark-haired warrior, he was dressed as were his fellows in hides and skins. Shortly after his birth in the lowlands of the Danube, his father had named his Nigerus, because of his dark locks, a rarity among the yellow-haired Teutons.

For two days the prisoners languished in their dungeon, while the wine-filled victors reveled amid their triumph. The next morning the guards came to take many of them away: some to the slave marts, some to the palaces, and many warriors, Nigerus among them, to the gladiatorial arena at the Coliseum.

A giant, oval, stone structure with many entrances, like huge mouths waiting to be filled with captives for slaughter, was to be Nigerus' home for the rest of his life. Here the warriors were forced to train with swords, bucklers, nets, tritons, and other gladiatorial weapons. On the days of the festivities many were sent out to fight. Few returned alive. The weapons and fierce wild animals spared only a few.

Nigerus was yet to appear in the arena. He longed to go. Though it would likely mean death, he preferred death to the dungeons of the Circus Maximus.

Finally he was led out to fight. As he looked about at the thousands of faces, like sands on the beach, peering, gazing with lust at him, his heart ached for his homeland and filled him with a wild desire to be among them, to be slashing and jabbing with his sword until it was crimson to the hilt; to die slaying the Romans. But he knew that he would be cut down before he could reach the walls of the arena.

Nigerus was matched with a gladiator who had been in Rome before Nigerus was captured and was the victor in many contests. Nigerus had never seen him before as the gladiator had been kept in the quarters at the northern end of the arena while Nigerus had been with the captives in the dungeons at the southern end.

The warriors' faces were covered with iron hoods, but as Nigerus looked at his opponent's almost nude body he saw many scars, evidences of previous contests.

They received their weapons, a short sword and buckler, and were ordered to fight. For an hour they slashed and jabbed at each other, but to no avail. Finally as the stranger attempted to sidestep a thrust by Nigerus' weapon, he slipped and fell full on the Teuton's sword. With a groan he fell mortally wounded on the sands of the arena. When Nigerus stooped and lifted the hood from the gladiator's face, his features became distorted with grief.

There under the hood he saw not the rough features of a gladiator, but the dead face of his beloved cousin, who he believed had been killed in a battle with the Romans a year before.

With his heart filled with mixed emotions, hate for his conquerors and grief for his friend, he turned to face the noisy crowd. Shouting curses on the Romans, he fell upon his own sword.

As the astonished crowd stared with amazement at the scene, two spirits, hand in hand, departed for the Elysian Fields.

Odds and Ends In Old Williamsburg

By William Kevan

ALL gentlemen of fashion in old Williamsburg liberally used powder, rouge, and sometimes perfumery.

A leading fashion among gentlemen and a trademark with wine merchants were "bottle buttons." Made by the stamping of molten glass applied to cooling bottles, the markers indicate the identity of the merchant or owner and, in some cases the date of vintage.

These buttons are particularly interesting in that they bear the so-called "Mysterious Mark" in combination with the initials of the owners or merchants. This mark used in combination with other symbols as well as initials is known to have been in Virginia on the 17th and 18th century tobacco hogsheads, earthenware, bottles, and lead bale seals. In England it is known to date back at least to the 16th century and has been noted in combination with watermarks, merchants' trademarks, tombstones, wines, merchants' signs and mark wool staplers. There are several theories as to the meaning of this mark, but few definite conclusions.

*****

Wig curlers shaped like hour-glasses were used. They were made of pipe clay in order that they might be held in the fire and heated. The hair of the wig was then wrapped about the heated curler and fastened with a lead clip.

*****

Stoves were rarely used by the residents of Williamsburg and were very uncommon. Open fires were the most usual means of heating. In 1770 Lord Botetourt became the lion of society by ordering a "heating machine" from England. It arrived in this country after his death and was presented with great cere-

mony to the House of Burgesses by the executor of his estate. It is still standing in the House of Burgesses.

*****

In the Christopher Wren Building (the only building in America designed by Sir Christopher Wren) keys to the various rooms were gold-plated, seven inches long, and weighed a pound each. In building, tacks were used almost exclusively. Nails were too expensive—they had to be made by hand and cost almost five cents apiece. In the basement a tunnel, that led down to a lake, was discovered. It was supposed to have been used by the settlers in case of unexpected Indian trouble.

*****

In the early days of the city two young people, James Blair and Sarah Harrison, fell in love. In every way their parents tried to keep them apart, but through secret meetings they were able to see each other, and finally they were married. Even after marriage their families did their best to keep them apart, but somehow they managed to stick together all through life. Finally they died and were buried close together. Immediately after their burial a sycamore tree sprang up between the graves and pushed them apart.

*****

In the chapels and churches there was nearly always a balcony at the rear. The purpose of this balcony, until recently, was unknown. It has been discovered that all well-to-do young men brought slaves with them. The slaves stood on the balcony and kept an eye on the young men's behavior in church.

*****

Students too poor to pay their tuition at the college often brought a cow to the college authorities. When the value of the cow would run out they would bring a chicken, a guinea pig, etc. Many young men were able to go through college in this manner.

*****

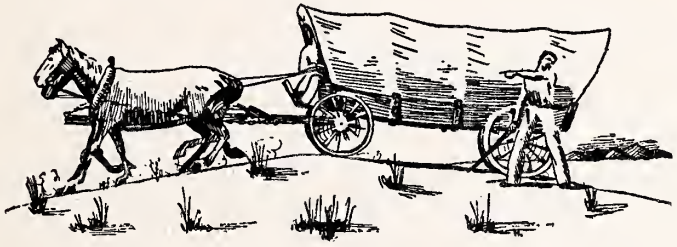
The Governor's Palace has one of the smallest open fireplaces in the world. The ladies, and also the gentlemen, of the Palace used powder stands which kept the various necessary cosmetics, and these stands were sometimes made of solid silver. In the ballroom there is an old piano. It has long keys with a little hammer on the end of each key. There was only one person who could make a piano like this. That was a lady in London. She would fasten down with hairs the little hammers on the

ends of the keys, and the only hairs that she would use were a Siberian boar's hair or the whiskers of a whale.

*****

The early colonists of Williamsburg lost many buildings and valuable records because of great fires. It was not that the buildings were more inflammable than those of modern times, but water was very scarce. There were very few wells, and it took time to haul water from one well, fifty feet deep, with only two buckets. Therefore when the House of Burgesses was built it was without chimneys. The number and size of the windows was to admit as much sunlight into the building as possible. At first the court met only twice a year—and then in warm seasons. However, Queen Anne said that six months was too long to keep a prisoner in jail without a trial. She ordered the court to meet four times a year and it often was forced to adjourn on account of the cold.

Incidentally, the portrait of Queen Anne that hangs in the courtroom has a prominent black moustache.



Irony

Grandeur

By Julius Hopkins

A luxurious limousine drives up to the door.
A lady in ermine steps out, escorted by a
handsome man.
Her steps are graceful;
Her hair is curled;
Nails, manicured;
Teeth like pearls;
Her mouth, petite;
Manners, polite.
A lorgnette dangles from her neck.
Quietness reigns when they enter their box.
She emits a stage whisper.
All heads are turned.
Beautifully done!
The overture begins.

Battlefield Park

By John Bernard

A gun roars!
A shell explodes!
Five men are killed!
Four hundred men charge!
A man stabs his neighbor with a bayonet;
The field is a river of blood;
Yet today we make battlefield parks
On this very field
To glorify this bloody horror
Which we should forget.

Reverie

By Elizabeth Rodgers

GEE, I'm tired," sighed Marilyn Shelburne as she returned to her home from a Hallowe'en dance that one of her best friends had given. "But, oh, what a glorious time I've had!" She languidly dropped into a chair.

"Oh, mother," she continued, "I wish you could have been with us. You would have liked the Colonial costumes so much. They were so different from others usually seen and were like the ones you see here in Boston."

Mrs. Shelburne was a Virginian, but had married a northern man and moved to Boston. She had come from one of the first families of Virginia and was accustomed to nothing but negro servants. It was a long time, though, before she could acclimate herself to the change from Virginia atmosphere to Boston. Mrs. Shelburne had often told Marilyn of the background of Virginia history and she knew her mother would be delighted that, even in Boston, Colonial Virginia would be depicted.

"Mother, it brought back to me last summer's trip to Williamsburg where we had such a good time, especially at the Raleigh Tavern. A crowd of the girls tonight were so gorgeously dressed in hoop skirts that they looked as if they would fit in with the old tavern perfectly. I'm so glad that you suggested to wear a colonial costume, and I told several of my chums and they wore them too. None was prettier than mine. I never had so many compliments in all my life."

"I'm so glad that you and your girl friends followed my suggestion. When you left tonight, I should have told you how charming you looked," rejoined her mother. "I know you are tired, so rest a while before you go to your room."

Marilyn relaxed and weariness overcame her . . . . .

* * * *

Marilyn alighted from a coach to which were harnessed four magnificent bay horses and she entered the doorway of

Raleigh Tavern. It was Hallowe'en night in the eighteenth century and the old tavern was brilliantly illuminated for the occasion. Hundreds of candles burned brilliantly from the chandeliers.

Before the dance began Marilyn went to the powder room and tidied up a bit. Her lustrous brown eyes expressed satisfaction with her appearance, for a gown of pale pink satin emphasized her beauty. She smiled back into the mirror indicating this, and her teeth were as white as the pearls that hung loosely around her neck.

Coming out with a bevy of girls she read the Latin motto over the mantel: "Hilaritas, sapientiae et bonae vitae proles" ("Jollity, the offspring of wisdom and good living").

Laughing joyously the girls came into the beautiful ballroom where were gathered the choicest of Virginia gentlemen and ladies, dressed in satins and brocades, laces and silks of the colonial days. The girls looked charming and the gentlemen with powdered wigs and buckled slippers were real Cavaliers.

Marilyn was quickly claimed for the minuet which was just starting. Never before had she danced with such perfect steps as her partner glided her around the spacious ballroom.

A spinnet and a violin with excellent harmony and time gave inspiration to the scene. When the minuet was completed she retired to the doorway and breathed in the cool autumn air. The strains of music commencing again, she returned to the ballroom and was asked to dance the Virginia Reel by a distinguished elderly gentleman whom she later found out to be the new governor of Virginia, who had just received his appointment from the King of England. She had never danced the Virginia Reel before, and she informed him so.

"Never fear," said he, "I will see that so graceful a girl quickly learns this dance."

The dancing ceased for a while when it was proposed that other Hallowe'en ceremonies should be indulged in. Great baskets of apples and nuts were brought in by black slaves. Then tubs of water, for fortunes were to be told in the roasting of nuts and in "bobbing" for apples in the water.

Sitting before the great fireplace, Marilyn had her fortune told by a handsome Virginia gentleman when two hazlenuts were placed on the bar of the grate.

Later, large red apples were placed in the tubs of water. Marilyn watched the others as they made vain efforts to catch the apples by the stems with their teeth. Some of the girls were

successful, and when caught the apple was peeled and the paring was swung three times over the head of the girl. After it had fallen they noted the initial it had made. This indicated who her husband would be.

Again the music filled the room and someone touched her arm for the closing minuet . . . . .

* * * *

"Marilyn, wake up. I thought you had retired long ago," her mother called as she touched her gently on her arm.

"Oh, mother, I would give everything I have to have been a colonial girl in Virginia!"

Silver and Gold

By Samuel Jones

At night, the moon's silvery beams
Streak across the billowy waves,
And make of the sea
A molten, silvery mass,
With gems sparkling and dancing
Before our eyes.
And the great sun,
Rising from the romantic east,
Seems to bring golden treasures.
From that far-off land
And to spread them as a blanket
Over the sea, becalmed.
Was there ever
Or can there be
Such beauty as nature reveals
Upon our great sea?

Fancies

I Swim

By Robert James

I run; I dive; I swim
Around and then slowy sink
Beneath the water's placid surface.

Then I softly flip my feet,
And move there in its quiet depth,
Thinking what fun the life of a fish is,

To move so quickly and silently about,
To live away from the world's whirling craze;
But then a thought comes rushing to my head—

A worm . . . a fish . . . and then both are gone
Above to man. Could the flashing fish
See the string and hook?

I rise to the surface; my wind is gone.
I swim about in cool and fleecy waters,
Thinking how lucky
Man is.

Waves

By Theodora Pringos

The waves dash hard
  On the sandy shore,
Rolicking, frolicking
  O'er and o'er.

When storms are high
  And seas are rough,
They madly break—
  Their tempers puff.

Sometimes they're calm
  And very kind . . .
What more is like
  The human mind?

Our Theme

THIS ISSUE of "The Missile" is devoted as much as possible to Williamsburg and its present restoration. The restoration, undertaken by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is accurately restoring and preserving for all time the most significant portions of a typical and historical city of America's colonial period. Many modern buildings have been torn down and replaced by replicas of Williamsburg's original structures.

An appeal was made to the English classes and the teachers obligingly assigned short stories, essays, and poetry on the subject of Williamsburg and Virginia's colonial history.

In order to secure first-hand information the editor and his staff made a trip to the town. Mr. Norton, head of the publicity department, was very kind and gave us permits to enter the buildings and furnished much helpful information concerning the project.

Williamsburg's restoration is a project of great interest to Americans today because it is a living museum, memorial to our earliest American history. We Virginians believe this is the most interesting subject we could choose for our magazine at this time.

—M. B.

The 1934 Crimson Wave

Petersburg High School's 1934 football season was brought to a close on December 8 with a post-season game with Baldwin High School of New York. This was the climax of a most successful season for the Crimson Wave. Under the handicap of living up to the record set by last year's great team, the 1934

team did itself proud by losing only one out of the twelve games played.

The only blight on an otherwise perfect season was the 6-0 defeat dealt by the Woodrow Wilson eleven. This game was a heartbreaker to lose, and, had it not been for the injuries of seven regulars, all loyal followers of the "Wave" believe that the game would have easily turned out the other way.

The rest of the regular season was played without another defeat in true Petersburg style. The highlights of the victories were the thrilling 8-6 defeat of Hampton, the 21-0 victory over Maury, the Hopewell game, and the sloshy 9-0 defeat of John Marshall in the mud on Thanksgiving Day. At the end of the regular season, a post-season game with Baldwin High School was arranged. Few football games ever played on any football gridiron could have been more hard-fought or more closely packed with thrills than was this game. The game ended in a 12-12 tie, and both sides were satisfied.

Picking outstanding players on such a team as this is indeed a difficult task. There are, however, a few who deserve special mention. Captain Eric Tipton was outstanding in every department of the game. He shone in running, passing, kicking, and on defense. Nugent, another back, was equal to any in his running and blocking ability, and Moss was still his old self. In the line the work of Boisseau and Connor, tackles, and Gill, new at center, was outstanding.

As for the team as a whole, there have been few better in the history of football at P. H. S.

The record is as follows:

P. H. S.	53	Emporia	0
P. H. S.	0	Woodrow Wilson	6
P. H. S.	7	Fork Union	0
P. H. S.	8	Hampton	6
P. H. S.	39	Rocky Mt.	0
P. H. S.	33	Thos. Jefferson	0
P. H. S.	21	Maury	0
P. H. S.	33	Franklin	0
P. H. S.	20	Hopewell	0
P. H. S.	32	Central High	6
P. H. S.	9	John Marshall	0
P. H. S.	12	Baldwin	12
Total Points	267	Opponents' Total	30

—R. W.

On Friendly Relations

In the excitement of a football game it is only natural and seems very satisfying at the time to yell "Mop Maury's Map" and other more violent expletives. A very little reflection on the matter, will, however, produce quite another train of thought. The relations with Maury have always been of the most pleasant sort. If anyone should ask himself which really brought the more pleasure and satisfaction: going to a football game with an unfriendly school and being ready to fight at a moment's notice, or going to a game with a friendly school and having, along with a keen competitive spirit, pleasant and agreeable relations, the latter would be almost unanimously chosen.

All during the recent Baldwin game, as well as before and after, the Baldwin team and fans were most courteously treated. Our friends from New York enjoyed the game and their stay in this city immensely. Courteous and friendly treatment of a visiting team will not only mean a better time for everyone, but will cause visitors to carry excellent reports of the good sportsmanship and hospitality of the people of Petersburg.

Some few people seem to have a mistaken idea that a football field is really a boxing ring under another name. Those people, you may be sure, do not derive much real enjoyment from a football game.

We pride ourselves on our sportsmanship. Hampton, although beaten by the heart-breaking score of 8-6 was full of praise for the Petersburg team. John Marshall, although badly beaten by Petersburg teams for the past few years, made a magnificent gesture in sending over its cadet band to back the Petersburg supporters at the Baldwin game. The members of this band cheered just as lustily for the Crimson Wave as any Petersburger at the game. If these schools can do this we certainly ought not to lag behind. Friendlier relations will mean more enjoyment and excellent reports of our city and school.

—K.K.

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